

THE KING AND QUEEN

Vikram

No, not now.

[ATTENDANT *goes*,

Sumitra

Sire, ask him to come.

Vikram

The state and its matter
can wait.
But sweet leisure comes
rarely. It is
frail, like a flower. Respite
from duty
is a part of duty.

Sumitra

Sire, I beg of you, attend to
your
work.

Vikram

Again, cruel woman. Do
you
imagine that I always follow
you to
win your unwilling favour,
drop by
drop ? I leave you and go.

[He goes.]